

## The Editor's Song.

The editor sits at his table,  
Writing as well as he's able,  
Paraphrasing the news of the day,  
While he is in agony trying  
Of copy to furnish enough.

"Toll, toll, toll!"  
What a weary life is mine!  
Wasting the precious midnight oil  
On leader, and column, and line;  
Working from morn till morn,  
Working from night till morn,  
Oh! why was that steam press ever made,  
Oh! why was the editor born?

"Toll, toll, toll!"  
And whose is the gain when we achieve?  
Where are the trophies we seek?  
And for whom are the laurels won?  
To stand in the foremost rank  
Of each hard-fought literary fray—  
To toll and toll, and only get  
Abuse and neglect for pay.

"Toll, toll, toll!"  
What a thankless task is ours,  
To bawl the brass of the cheese,  
The Senator Jones devours!  
To sit on a three-legged stool,  
While others have half-stuffed  
To prepare the hash and cook the stew,  
But never to taste the meat!

"Toll, toll, toll!"  
As the constant drop on the stone,  
So the ceaseless work,  
Wears away body and bone!  
Though the spout sputter and write,  
Though the editor is half-drawn,  
If we were not for the editor's pen,  
What were the use of it all?

## THE GREAT LIVING SCOUT!

## BUFFALO BILL.

## THE KING OF BORDER MEN.

The Wildest, Truest Story Ned Buntline  
ever wrote.

An oasis of green wood on a Kansas prairie—  
a bright stream shining like liquid silver in the  
moonlight—a log house built under the limbs of  
great trees—within this humble home a happy  
group.

Look well on the leading figure in that group.  
You will see him but this once; yet on his sad face  
hinges all the wild and fearful realities which are  
to follow, drawn to a very great extent, not from  
imagination, but from life itself.

A noble-looking, white-haired man sits by a  
rough table, reading the Bible aloud. On stools  
by his feet sit two beautiful little girls, his twin  
daughters, not more than ten years of age, while  
a noble boy, of twelve or thirteen, stands by the  
back of the chair, where sits the handsome, yet  
matronly looking mother.

It is the hour of family prayer before retiring  
for the night, and Mr. Cody, the Christian, always  
remembers it in the heart of his dear home.

He closes the holy book and is about to kneel  
and ask Heaven to bless him and protect his dear  
ones.

Hark! The sound of horses galloping with mad  
speed towards his house falls upon his ear.

"It is possible there is another Indian alarm!"  
he says, indignantly.

Alas, worse than the red savages are riding in  
Toll haste toward that door.

"Hallo—the house!" is shouted loudly, as a  
large cavalcade of horsemen halt before the door.  
"What is wanted, and who are ye?" asked the  
good man, as he threw wide open the door and  
stood upon his threshold.

"You are wanted," answered one black-headed nigger-  
ranger, and J. Colman McKandias—  
as the rustic leader of the band shouted these  
words, the pistol already in his hands was raised,  
levelled, fired, and the father, husband and  
Christian, fell dead before his horror-stricken family.

"If these gals was a little older—but never  
mind, boys, this will be a lesson for the sneaks  
that come upon the border—let's be off, for there's  
plenty more work to do before daylight!" con-  
tinued the wretch, turning the head of his horse  
to ride away.

"Stop!"

It was but a single word—spoken, too, by a boy  
whose blue eyes shone brightly in the face of a  
new-fallen snow and full as cold—as spoken as he  
stood over the body of his dead father,  
weeping and alone.

Yet that ruffian, ay, and all of his mad, reckless  
crew, stopped at a mighty spell was laid  
upon them.

"You, J. McKandias, have murdered my  
father! You, he coward, who saw him do this  
dark deed, spoke no word to restrain him. I am  
only a little boy, his son, but to God in Heaven  
heaven know, I will kill every father's son of you  
before the beard grows on my face!"

"Hear the little rooster crow. He'll fight when  
his spurs grow, if we don't cut his comb now,"  
cried the leader, with a mocking laugh, and he  
raised his pistol once more.

"Monster, you have robbed me of a husband;  
you shall not kill my boy," shrieked the mother, as  
she sprang forward and drew her son up to her  
bosom.

"Oledest, there's a big gang of men comin' over  
the prairie. We'd better git," cried a scout, rid-  
ing in at this moment.

"Aye! For I don't want to kill a woman if I  
can help it. Columba to the right, boys, and fol-  
low me."

In a minute, at full speed, the party dashed  
away after their leader, and the wretched family  
were left alone with the dead.

Frozen with terror and awe, the beautiful twins,  
Lillie and Lottie, crept out to the doorway, where  
their mother and brother knelt over the stiffen-  
ing form of him who had been so good and kind—  
their dear father.

Oh, what a picture! Grief was still. Nor sob,  
nor tear, nor even a moan arose. They were  
dumb with agony—paralyzed with a sense of  
utter bereavement.

It is now 1861. The old log house has disap-  
peared, but in the same noble grove a pretty white  
cottage is seen. Barns and haystacks all tell a  
story of good farming and profitable results.

On the embowered porch of this cottage sits the  
widow, still in her mourning garb, worn for him  
whose death she has already pictured, and near  
her stand two lovely girls—the twin sisters, Lillie  
and Lottie—now in the early bloom of beautiful  
womanhood.

They look alike, are dressed alike, and are ex-  
ceedingly beautiful.

Lillie held a letter in her hand which the moun-  
tain mail carrier had left as she swept by.

"Oh, mamma! mamma! brother is coming  
home!" he says he will be here before the snow  
sets on the twenty-fifth! The letter is from Fort  
Kearney, and has been long in coming."

"Is not to-day the twenty-fifth?" asked Lottie.  
"To be sure it is, and he will be here," answered  
Lillie, who had never told a falsehood. He was  
too good for that! Heaven bless him!" said the  
mother, in a low, earnest tone.

"He is not coming alone," said Lillie. "He  
brings two friends with him."

"It lacks scarce a half hour of sunset," said the  
mother.

At the same instant Lillie, who had been glanc-  
ing through an avenue which led westward in the  
grove, cried out:

"They are coming! They are coming!"  
And three minutes later, their horses frothy and  
hot, three riders at full speed dashed up to the  
front porch of the cottage.

"On brother!" cried the two sisters, joyously,  
and all heedless of the stranger eyes now look-  
ing on them, they rushed out to embrace and kiss  
him.

Buffalo Bill, for this was he, had learned to hide  
all his feelings, but with a gentle tenderness he  
shook himself out of their embraces, and present-  
ing his two friends by name, hurried on to meet  
the dear mother, who with glistering eyes, waited  
to greet her idol and her pride.

"My good mother!" was all he said, as he  
pressed his manly lips to her white forehead.

"My dear son!" was all she said, but her eyes  
would not describe the reverence in his tone, or  
the undying love in her look.

Bill now presented his friends in more form to  
those who were seated in the parlor. To those who had  
the greatest hunter, guide and scout in the far West,  
newly employed in that capacity in General Augur's  
Department, and a great favorite with General  
Custer and Sheridan. A man who had killed  
sixty-two buffaloes in one day's hunt, had earned  
the name, I think.

his mother than he had deemed it necessary in  
the case of his sisters.

"This mother," said he, presenting a young  
man who, in form and appearance, resembled  
himself very closely, though he was an inch taller  
and hardly so muscular, "this is my mate—this  
is Bill Hitchcock, the best friend I ever had, or  
ever will have, outside of our own family. Three  
times has he saved me from being wiped out.  
Once by the Ogallalas, once when I was taken  
with the cramps in the ice-cold Platte, last winter  
—and once when old Jake McKandias, his twin  
brother, was in the same river, and that's a safe bet,  
Bill, that's my mother, and a better never trod  
the footstool!"

Wild Bill, with a natural grace, gently bent his  
proud head and took the hand of the lady, saying  
in a tremulous tone:

"I'm glad to see you, ma'am, for I've got a good  
old mother like you, I haven't seen this many a day,  
and this rather brings her up afore me!"

"And this other," continued Bill, "is Dave  
Tutt. He is good on a hunt, death on the heels,  
and as smart as a borderer are made now-a-days.  
Now, boys, you're all acquainted, make your-  
selves at home. The darkey out there has got the  
horses, and he'll see them all right."

Wild Bill, six feet and one inch in height,  
straight as an ash, broad in shoulder, round and  
full in chest, slender in the waist, swelling out in  
muscular proportions at hips and thighs, with  
tapering limbs, small hands and feet, his form  
was a study. His face, open and clean, had  
large features, the nose slightly aquiline. His  
large bright eyes, now soft and tender in ex-  
pression, were a bluish gray in color, shaded by  
lashes which often drooped over his bronzed  
forehead. His hair was a sandy brown, and his  
cheek as he looked down, somewhat sunken in.  
His female society, to which he was unused, his  
long brown hair fell in wavy masses over his  
shoulders, but it was fine, soft and glossy as  
silk.

The same picture would do for Buffalo Bill, only  
this difference noted. The eyes of the latter were  
nearer a blue in color, his height one inch less,  
and his hair a little more wavy and a shade  
lighter.

Dave Tutt, nearly of the same height, was  
equally well formed, but the resemblance  
ceased.

His eyes were black as jet and deeply set,  
though his features were perfect, and when he  
chose, his expression soft and winning. His hair,  
curling slightly, was black and glossy. But with  
all his beauty, there was a certain something about  
his mouth, so utterly different from that in  
the other two, and a fierce passion longed in  
his eyes, which made the two girls, instinctive  
in their power, shrink from him.

After supper the reunited family and their  
guests were seated in the sitting-room,  
when Mrs. Cody, whose face was toward the win-  
dow, screamed out in sudden terror, and rose to  
her feet with a face so deathly pale that it seemed  
as if she was death-stricken.

"What is it, mother?" cried Bill, springing to  
her side.

"The window—there was there!" she gasped, and  
then she swooned away.

"He? Girls, look out for mother! I'll see what  
he was at the window?" cried Bill, and he sprang  
to the open casement.

As he did so, a bullet whistled past his ear and  
struck the opposite wall, while a hundred wild  
yells proclaimed that Indians had surrounded  
the house.

Wild Bill, cool and collected, instantly blew out  
both the lights, exclaiming:

"Darkness here and moonlight out there! We'll  
be all right in a shake. Jump for your tools,  
boys, mine's handy! Gals, lay low out of range;  
we'll soon let the reds know old hands are here."

The three young men, reinforced by three ne-  
groes and one white man, the farm hands, were  
ready for work in less than a minute, and as the  
Indians did not seem disposed to make a rush for  
the inside of the house, crept quickly to points  
where from the doors and windows they could  
pick the flints out from their covert among the  
trees around.

Meantime the twins had succeeded in restoring  
the mother to consciousness, and to the hurried  
inquiry of her son as to whom she had seen at the  
window, replied that she had recognized the face  
of Jake McKandias, the murderer of her husband,  
glaring in with a look of hate and vindictive  
cruelty that she was completely horror-stricken.

"There are too many reds out there, or I'd make  
a rush and settle his hash!" said her son. "If he'll  
only stay till we'll him 'tween a few, I'll accom-  
modate him with a private entertainment. Look  
out for yourselves, girls—the boys are giving 'em  
Jesse, and his about time my hand was in!"

A rapid firing had been going on from the mo-  
ment Wild Bill got to the door, the Indians shoot-  
ing at random, for all in the house was dark ex-  
cept the flash of the guns; but every now and then  
a yell of agony told that the attacking party were  
not going unpunished.

They could only be seen as they sprang from  
tree to tree for cover, but their terrible yells, ring-  
ing through the air, told that in numbers they  
were at least ten to one of the defending party.

"What's the stock? Won't they try to run  
that off?" asked Wild Bill, as his mate, standing  
by his side, sent a red to eternity with a shot  
from his favorite long rifle.

"I expect they will. I would almost as soon  
lose my hair as to lose Powder Face, for the insect  
has carried me through more bad scrapes than  
I've time to count," said Buffalo Bill, referring to  
his favorite horse.

"And I will lose my hair afore I'll lose Black  
Nell, for she never deserted me. She'll kick the  
head off any red that tries to mount her. But  
can't we get to the horses?"

"Wait till I give Dave and the boys in their  
orders, and then you an' me will get to the horses  
and come in on 'em as if we were fresh hands in  
the fight."

"That's the talk, Bill—that's the talk. Only let  
me and Black Nell and you and Powder Face  
give 'em a charge in the rear and they're gone  
in!"

"Pepper into 'em then Bill! I tell the boys here  
where we're a' goin', so they'll be keener for  
what to when we're a' comin'."

Buffalo Bill now hurriedly told Dave Tutt and  
the men, who were firing at everything they saw  
move among the trees, what he and Bill intended to  
do. The girls and his mother were to hold  
nothing of it till it was all over, for the two Bills  
felt as sure of driving off the foe by their plan as  
if they were already in full chase of them.

Dave Tutt did not express any wish to go  
along, which rather surprised Buffalo Bill, for it  
was a duty that brave men would see to it was  
done. But there was a reason for this, as we have in-  
deed for everything, as the reader will learn by and  
by.

The two friends, carrying their arms and bend-  
ing low in the same shadow of the garden bushes,  
crept away from the house until they reached a  
grain-field beyond the trees, into which they moved  
swiftly. They had but a little distance now to go  
to reach the stock pasture, and they got to the  
last in the very nick of time.

A half-dozen dusky figures were already there,  
and the horses, disturbed by the firing, were very  
uneasy as these advanced.

Two shrill calls, understood well by the animals  
for which they were intended, brought two noble  
animals, "Black Nell" and "Powder Face," to the  
edge of the grain-field. The next instant,  
needing neither saddle nor bridle, the two men  
were mounted, and without a word, both dashed  
forward upon the Indians who were after the stock.

So suddenly and unexpectedly were these over-  
whelmed—not by a shot being fired, only the  
tomahawk used—that there was no alarm in the  
grove. Then the two men sped, not noise-  
lessly now, but whooping and yelling in wild con-  
cert, and urging their steeds faster by their cries,  
till they were upon the rear of the astonished reds,  
pours out shot after shot with deadly  
effect on the enemy.

Wheeling and circling here and there, never  
missing a shot—it seemed as if there were twenty  
of them—rather than two—Wild Bill and his over-  
dashed on, carrying death with every leap.

The Indians, who were cheering and supping  
this to be a reinforcement, to those who had de-  
fended the house, now gave way and fled in  
every direction, but not before full half their  
number had fallen.

"Curse them, why do they shoot so careless  
as these?"

from the house—this is the second grain I have  
had from them," cried Wild Bill, as he wiped the  
blood from a wound grazing his cheek.

"There's a hole in my hat from the same quar-  
ter," said Buffalo Bill. "I'd like to know what  
they mean. It can't be but they know where we  
are. Never mind, I must hunt up old McKandias  
now, for if he don't see him, he must be here.  
Let's chase them, Bill, as long as we can."

The two men dashed away, and again a bullet,  
evidently from the house, passed so close to  
Buffalo Bill's head that he felt its wind.

The Indians scattered far and wide, but the two  
men succeeded in knocking over a half dozen  
more, when the thought struck them that it was  
better not to go far from the house lest some lurk-  
ing being would continue the attack, and they rode back.

The search for a white man among the bodies of  
the slain was unsuccessful, so Bill decided in his  
mind that if McKandias had been in the party he  
had escaped before the time.

As they approached the house they took pains  
to make their individuality known by signals  
which could not be misunderstood, therefore they  
were spared the perils which it seemed friends  
rather than their foes had cast upon them during  
the chase.

In a short time, their horses left close in the  
shadow of the house, the two brave friends were  
in it once more.

"You can light up, I reckon," cried Buffalo Bill  
when he entered. "The reds, or what's left of  
'em are off to their tribes on the run."

"Thank Heaven, you are safe," said Mrs. Cody  
as she heard the voice of her son. "I hope you  
and your brave friend are unhurt!"

"All right, mother, but a scratch or two that  
cold water will heal—but you are sure you saw  
the face of Jake McKandias at the window?"

"Yes, my son—I never can forget his face. I  
sawly saw it."

"Then he has got off this time. I knew most  
of his gang had gone under, but I didn't think he  
had taken up with the Cheyennes. They say that  
every tribe in the West except the Pawnees are  
going with the South. If they are, we border  
folks will have our hands full. But we're good  
for 'em, aren't we, Bill?"

"I reckon we are, if we know ourselves," said  
Wild Bill.

The moon had gone down before day dawned,  
but the repulsed Cheyennes never bated in their  
headlong speed until a couple of hours after sun-  
rise, when they had reached the Republican River.

Here, at the call of their chief, they dismounted  
and gathered around him. By his side, with a  
swoon of anger and some show of distrust, too,  
in his face, stood Jake McKandias, the white ruf-  
fian who had planned this folly.

Looking sternly at him, after counting the war-  
riors left, the old chief said:

"There will be a great cry among the squaws in  
the lodges of the Cheyennes. Many warriors  
have gone down—their scalps are in the belts of  
our enemies, and we have not a scalp to show  
that has been taken in return for ours. What  
has the Hawk of the Hills to say to this?"

"That which the Great Spirit wills to do," he  
said, and McKandias replied, "If we had fought  
as white men fight, and charged right on them,  
we would now have their scalps on our belts. Big  
Hawk would not listen to my words. He fought  
his way and lost half his warriors. It is not my  
fault. I have spoken."

"The Hawk of the Hills has spoken with a sin-  
gle tongue. His words are true. But the faces  
of the tribes will be black when we go back with-  
out scalps. What has my brother to say to that?"  
asked the chief.

"That if we go back without scalps, we are  
fools!" said McKandias, quietly. "If the gun of  
Big Hawk misses fire, does he throw it away, or  
pick the lint and try it again? There are more  
days and nights than one, and plenty of more  
faces are scattered about the plains. The Hawk  
of the Hills knows other settlements where we  
can reach in three or four days' journey. We can  
go there for plunder and scalps, and then come  
back here, and when the fighting men are not  
here or asleep, we can sprinkle the bones of  
our dead with the blood of vengeance where they  
fell."

"The Hawk of the Hills speaks like a man. The  
heart of Big Hawk was true. It is strong again.  
The warriors will cook meat and eat while their  
horses rest and feed."

Light blazing fires, emitting scarcely any  
smoke, were now made from dry twigs, and the  
warriors made a hearty meal, the first for twen-  
ty-four hours. It was not finished when an alarm  
was given by a scout. White men mounted and  
armed were coming in from the south.

"They are not those we fought last night!"  
said McKandias. "They have not had time to get  
to this side of the river. I will ride to meet them.  
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## COMMERCIAL NEWS.

## Exports.

New York—Per steamer Charleston—58 bales  
sugar, 1282 bales upland cotton, 122  
bales rice, 43 bales domestic, 140 empty barrels,  
30 packages.

## The Charleston Cotton, Rice and Naval Stores.

OFFICE CHARLESTON NEWS,  
TUESDAY EVENING, December 14, 1869.

COTTON.—The weather having been wet and  
unfavorable to business, the market was destitute  
of activity, prices continuing without quotable  
change. Sales 250 bales, viz: 23 at 23 1/2; 28 at 24;  
25 at 24 1/2; 19 at 24 3/4; 64 at 25; 18 at 25 1/2; 16  
at 25 1/2; 13 at 25 3/4; 5 at 26. No quote.

NAVY.—The demand for this grain was good  
with a firm market. Sales about 1300 barrels of  
corn, 300 barrels of wheat, 400 barrels of rice, 40  
at 6 1/2; 30 at 6 1/2. No quote. Cotton to fair claim  
Carolina at 6 1/2; good 6 1/2.

NAVAL STORES.—There was no business doing  
under this head.

FRUITS.—A somewhat dull. To Liverpool,  
by steam, engagements are making at 100 b  
on uplands and 110 b on sea islands; by  
sail, 7-100 b on uplands and 100 b on  
sea islands. To Havre, by steam, uplands  
and 100 b on sea islands. Coastwise to  
New York, by steam, 100 b on uplands  
and 100 b on sea islands; by sail, 100 b on  
uplands. To Boston, by steam, nominal; by sail,  
100 b on uplands. To Philadelphia, by steam,  
100 b on uplands; by sail, 100 b on uplands.  
To Baltimore, by steam, 100 b on uplands;  
by sail, 100 b on uplands.

Exchange.—Sterling 60 day bill 113 1/2.  
Domestic Exchange.—Sight checks were buy-  
ing at 100; discount, bank sight checks were  
held at 100; premium, out-door 100 at 100 discount.  
Gold—buying at 22, selling at 25.

## Markets by Telegraph.

## FOREIGN MARKETS.

LONDON, December 14—Noon.—Consols 92 1/2;  
bonds 86. Sugar firm, about 28s.

PARIS, December 14—Bourse opened quiet.  
Rents 73 1/2.

HAVRE, December 14—Cotton opens quiet,  
113 1/2.

LIVERPOOL, December 14—Noon.—Cotton steady;  
uplands 11 1/2; Orleans 11 1/2; sales